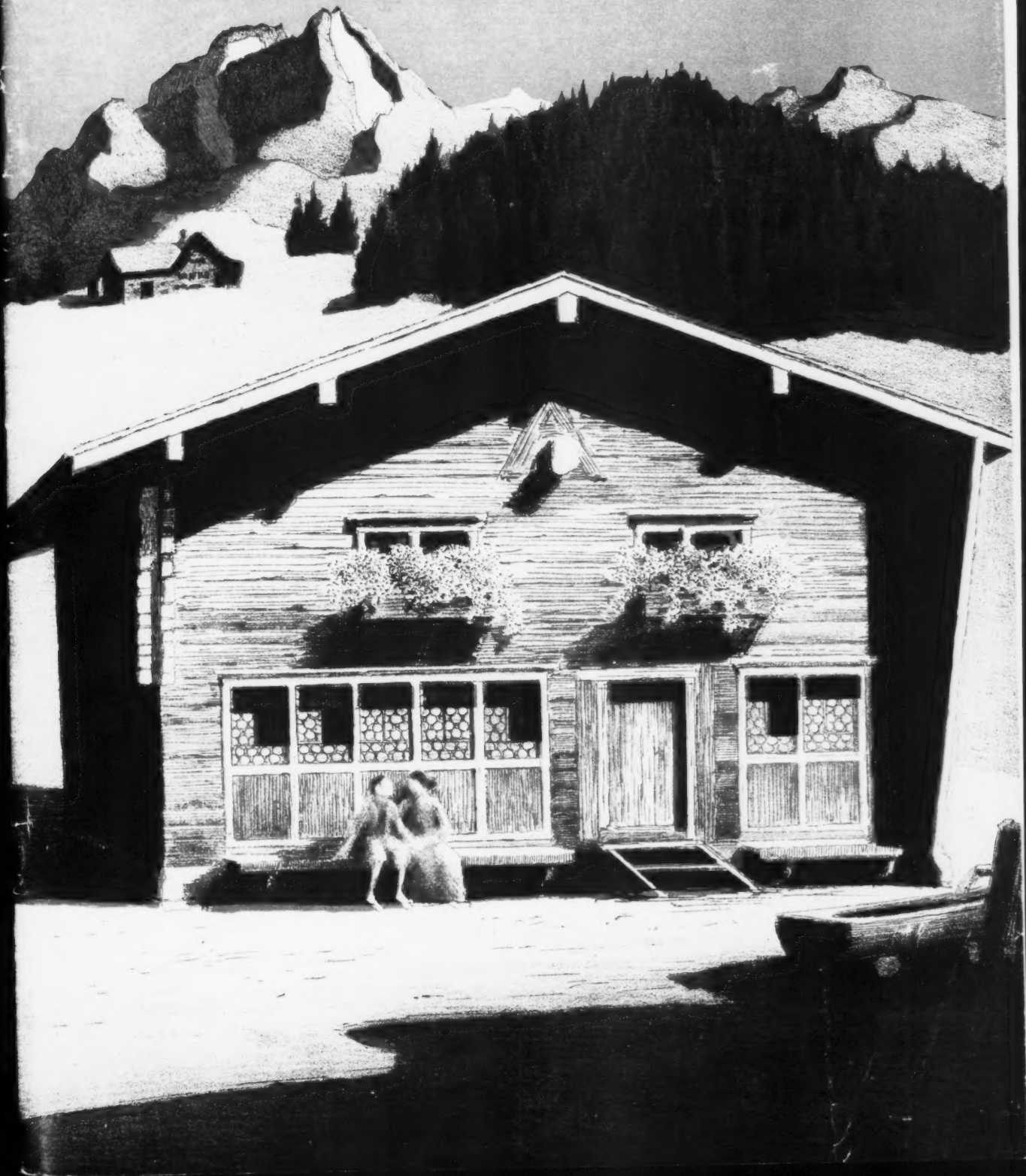


AMERICAN
JUNIOR RED CROSS
NEWS "I Serve"

April 1939





Moving Pictures

NANCY BYRD TURNER

Decoration by R. Bruce Horsfall

*In a deep wood, still and green,
Tall trees made a leafy screen;*

*A little wind came romping by
And shook the light leaves suddenly;*

*A little brook came running fast;
It rolled and romped and hurried past;*

*It flung bright water, for a prank,
On bluebells growing by its bank.*

*A chipmunk wandered to the brink
And at his leisure took a drink;*

*Some chirping sparrows came to wash;
A green-bronze frog jumped in ker-
splosh!*

*Some ruddy-breasted robins flew
Into an old oak, two by two.*

*A squirrel ran from limb to limb,
A swift gray shadow after him,*

*And left that tree and climbed another
And threw a pine cone at his brother.*

*A spider spun a web of lace
And deftly fastened it in place;*

*And flowers fluttered unafraid,
And sunlight flickered through the
shade;*

*And leaves and birds and brook and
trees
All danced and dappled in the breeze.*

*And oh there never was, I know,
A finer moving picture show!*

A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The March News in the School

The Classroom Index of Contents

Arithmetic:

"N. C. F. Budget—1939"

Creative Writing:

"On a Night in March"

Dramatics:

"Queen Esther Comes to Tel-Aviv," "Your Picture for the News"

General Science:

"A Perfect Crystal Ball," "The Earth Changes"

Geography:

British West Indies—"Mine's Mine"

Bulgaria—"Meeting the Spring in Bulgaria"

Palestine—"Queen Esther Comes to Tel-Aviv"

Russia—"The Adventures of Misha"

United States—"Fossils, First Americans, and Ranches," "You and Your Neighbors," "Martin Wanted a Pony"

Other Countries—"Bronto, the Thunder Lizard," "You and Your Neighbors"

Literature:

"Queen Esther Comes to Tel-Aviv." Older pupils may be interested in reading the Bible story of Queen Esther as a model of the short story.

Music:

"Spring's Arrival"

Nature Study:

"Bears" (Front Cover), "Bronto, the Thunder Lizard," "Fossils, First Americans, and Ranches," "Spring's Arrival"

Primary Grades:

"Bears," "The Weather Vane Horse," "Martin Wanted a Pony," "The Doll's Festival," "Spring's Arrival," "Mine's Mine," "Bronto, the Thunder Lizard"

Reading:

1. What is the work of the weather vane horse? 2. Trace the development of inventions to forecast the weather.

1. How did Aviva have a chance to take the leading part in the Queen Esther play? 2. Make your own outline by acts for a Queen Esther play.

1. How is crystal made? 2. What were some medieval beliefs about fortune telling?

1. How does Pigeon intend to become an upstairs boy? 2. Do you think Mouseknees took the wisest course about the silver?

1. What modern living creature has the oldest ancestry? 2. What other stories in this issue tell about prehistoric animals?

1. In what country did Misha live? 2. What else

would you like to find out about Misha by reading the book?

1. What makes a good group snapshot? 2. Make up tableau groups to show some of your Junior Red Cross activities.

1. Why did the March wind rattle the door? 2. How do you make words rime?

1. What is the story of the March PROGRAM Picture? 2. Make up a poem in class with the title "Meeting Spring on Our Way to School."

1. What are the names of several important prehistoric animals? 2. How do we know about extinct animals today?

1. and 2. Make a Time Chart or map to show the relative length of important eras in the history of our country: prehistoric, native inhabitants, pioneers, modern.

1. Which of the activity notes indicate personal effort on the part of the Juniors? 2. Into which of your own activities have you put most effort?

1. What are this year's National Children's Fund projects? 2. What proportion is spent for national and what for international expense this year?

1. How did Martin get the birthday present that he wanted? 2. Where is Chincoteague Island?

1. What festival comes on the third of March in Japan? 2. Have a doll festival at school.

1. and 2. Sing a song about "Spring's Arrival."

Units of Study:

Advance of Civilization—"The Earth Changes," "Bronto, the Thunder Lizard," "Fossils, First Americans, and Ranches"

Animals and Pets—"The Weather Vane Horse," "Mine's Mine," "Bronto, the Thunder Lizard," "Martin Wanted a Pony"

Climate and Weather—"The Weather Vane Horse," "Mine's Mine," "On a Night in March," "Bronto, the Thunder Lizard," "Fossils, First Americans, and Ranches"

Hobbies—"Your Pictures for the News"

Home and School—"Queen Esther Comes to Tel-Aviv," "Martin Wanted a Pony"

Pioneer Living—"Fossils, First Americans, and Ranches"

Social Cooperation—"You and Your Neighbors"

Toys—"The Weather Vane Horse," "The Doll's Festival"

About Dolls

The School Correspondence Bulletin makes the following report on recent restrictions against dolls:

"We have been informed by the French Customs authorities that they can no longer consider dolls as exempt from duty.

"In view of this withdrawal of customs facilities, the French Junior Red Cross recommends that the various articles of clothing may very well be sent attached to the pages of albums. These small garments are as interesting and attractive as the dolls themselves.

"The Swedish and Latvian Junior Sections have also recommended this procedure. It has the advantage of simplicity and economy and may well be generally recommended."

Developing Program Activities

Beauty in the Community

THE Elementary School Report of the Omaha and Douglas County Junior Red Cross told of a City Beautiful project, especially appropriate for springtime.

"Our City Beautiful project has been continued this year with zeal and enthusiasm by individual schools. Many projects of planting, gardening, playground and school ground clean-ups have been carried on, and several dump yards and vacant lots have been converted into parks and playgrounds. All schools have stressed respect for private property and responsibility for keeping yards at home neat and attractive to improve the appearance of the community.

"Next year we plan to cooperate with the Omaha Civic Improvement Council to assist with their campaign for more park and playground space for children. Juniors will help in converting vacant lots owned by the city into park and playgrounds.

"The following are some City Beautiful activities reported by different schools for the year 1937-38:

- "Made rock garden on school grounds
- "Secured cement blocks for sidewalk by school
- "Dandelion digging
- "Prepared terrace for school
- "Gave show to buy seed and shrubs
- "Planted shrubs on school grounds
- "Cleaned school and home grounds. Several dollars spent for shrubs and flower boxes to beautify school grounds
- "Committee of Juniors appointed to keep school grounds clean
- "Adopted pledge to protect and help make community beautiful
- "Terrace weeded; petunias, larkspur, iris planted
- "Twelve bushel dandelions dug and carried to nearby chickens
- "Added 85 plants and 6 packages seed to school rock garden, also 10 stepping stones
- "Picked up glass, nails, paper from school grounds, and protected shrubbery and lawns
- "Talks given regarding keeping home lawns neat and beautiful
- "Tulip project in front of building
- "Two trees planted on Arbor Day
- "Dump yard near school cleaned and flower garden planted
- "Planted grass
- "Formed a school grounds committee
- "Cleaned off vacant lot to make playground
- "Fourth grade planted flowers and bushes
- "Letters written to principal of work done in own yards"

Metal Tubes for the Service Fund

Many inquiries have reached Headquarters offices about the Service Fund activity noted in the January GUIDE FOR TEACHERS. The following information may be helpful to you.

1. Collapsible tubes of any kind are acceptable such as tubes containing toothpaste, shaving cream, soap, cosmetics, etc.

2. The minimum quantity which will be accepted is one ton (2,000 pounds).

3. Shipment may be made in boxes, barrels, bags, or any type of container, but care must be exercised to see that they are securely closed in order to prevent loss of tubes in transit.

4. Shipment should be made by freight, but the freight charges should not be paid in advance. The smelting and refining company will deduct freight charges when forwarding the remittance to the chapter or school in payment for tubes received.

5. Chapters and schools will receive at least fifteen cents a pound for the tubes. A ton of tubes should net approximately \$300.00. On the count basis the tubes are valued at from 1/2 to 1c each. (In counties where small rural schools are collecting tubes to be sent in one large shipment from a central point, the payment due each school can be made on this basis.)

6. Chapters and schools should start the collection of tubes and when they have collected one ton, we will inform them where their collection should be sent. They should write to us for shipping instructions.

7. Check in payment for tubes will be made payable to the Junior Red Cross Chairman or the person in charge of the project, who will be responsible for receipt of the payment and turning it over to the proper Junior Red Cross authorities.

Notes About International Correspondence

Here are a number of notes that will be useful in improving school correspondence:

Personal descriptions of individual members of the class are not suitable for international correspondence. This type of composition is likely to be trivial and often objectionable. Better devices include class snapshots or paper dolls dressed in school clothes like those worn by the pupils or a general letter that gives the approximate ages and number of the group or something interesting about their home lives, such as the way the parents earn their living.

The value of using place names has been mentioned before. The School Correspondence Secretaries' Bulletin, published by the League of Red Cross Societies, cites some interesting examples:

"The origin of place names sometimes reveals very interesting and curious facts. As a subject for school correspondence it makes a nice introduction. In seeking information of this kind, much may be learned of local history and legend. Some past happening may be commemorated in a name. Here is an example: Hossegor, in the Landes Department of France is a well known seaside resort. How did it get its name? Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine stopped on this coast after her second marriage to Henry II 'Plantagenet' of England, bringing with her a body-guard of horseguards. The local people were much impressed with these 'hossegor' as they were called. This is the nearest pronunciation they could achieve. When a village grew up there, it was called 'Hossegor.'"

The use of black paper and white ink is not good, either for the eyes or for the appearance of the album.

Letters alone are not acceptable except for the first acknowledgment of correspondence received. The album is the distinguishing factor of international Junior correspondence and this album should include a reasonable number of illustrated letters, and wherever possible some handwork or some other interesting material illustrative of life in the community or in our country. Several Junior sections have stated that they cannot place separate letters at all as international correspondence.

Friendship with Blind Children

AN IMPORTANT result of Junior Red Cross gifts to blind children is the growth of understanding on the part of sighted Juniors concerning social needs of the blind. One of the deepest of these needs is for friendly association with the everyday world. The letter quoted below was written informally to a member of the Junior Red Cross Service at National Headquarters by a friend, the mother of a pupil in the New York Institute for the Blind, and the President of the Parent-Teachers' Association of that school. Her ten-year-old son's achievements and his normal outlook and desire to meet a normal response from his friends are a beautiful testimony to what wise parents and teachers are achieving.

"Dear Betty:

"You asked for suggestions as to what ways a blind child is able to help in his home, games, etc.

"Billy is so interested in everything done by any other boy or girl that it is difficult to pick out a few things the blind child does. He makes his bed, began at six years; dries dishes, washes the bathroom or kitchen floor when he is specially anxious to be nice to me; has bathed himself since four years; takes care of his clothes, clean and soiled, when at school. Of course, I arrange his clothes as to color scheme (socks, shirts, etc.). He also likes to help prepare vegetables and cook when he is not too busy playing, reading, or practicing on the piano. So much for helping in the home.

"As to games—he plays checkers with any sighted or blind child, and also dominoes, and various table games; roller skates, rides his wagon, coasts, is learning baseball and football at school, running and various track and gym sports, swims, and is learning to row a boat. In fact, Billy wants to do everything he hears mentioned and does his best at it. We feel his only real handicap is in going places away from home and school alone—that is, if streets have to be crossed.

"He was ten years old in October and is in the Sixth Grade. In addition to his regular academic subjects he has piano four days per week, rudiments of music three days per week, gym two days per week, and chorus one day per week. He has had one year of caning and one year of basket work. Because he is so interested in all of his studies and his daily schedule so heavy this year, we asked that he not be given manual training. He has typewriting five days per week, pencil writing one day per week.

"He begins his classes at 8:15 a. m. and is through at 5:30 p. m. with one play period (½ hr.) each day, two play periods one day each week. That seems to be a heavy schedule, but he doesn't mind, makes excellent grades and, in fact, loves his school work. He says this is the most interesting year he has had.

"Other blind children who sing well have individual voice instruction, or other instrument instruction if it is desired, or special talent shown. The girls knit, sew, weave, cook, and model in clay. The boys have caning, weaving, auto mechanics, cooking, gardening, poultry culture, radio, code, and piano tuning, besides their regular elementary work.

"Billy has travelled a great deal for a child his age and has a very vivid mental picture of all scenes. We describe details as we go along and he never forgets.

"We, as parents, believe a blind or handicapped child need not be considered different from any

other child if he is taught from the beginning of blindness that he is *just the same as any other child; he only sees in a different way.* He, or she, must not be made to feel insuperior or too dependent. Billy, as many other blind people whom we have observed, is naturally independent and wants to be. They do not want pity from the seeing public but instead appreciate intelligent understanding which does not set them apart as blind.

"Billy recently told me he wished for just one thing—that is, to know just what and how the other children really thought of him; whether they considered him blind, or if they forgot about it as it often seems. He hopes for the latter. We and his older friends so often forget it entirely.

"For a December P. T. A. Meeting, we prepared a list of games that could be bought for Christmas gifts. We had a game exhibit, a talk on hobbies, and a skit by the pupils who were at the Summer Camp Wapanacki, 'The Ghost of Wapanacki.' The parents were greatly interested in the game list as many have had difficulty in finding suitable games for their blind child.

"We urge all parents to encourage their blind child to associate with sighted children as it gives the handicapped child a much more rounded life and teaches him a little better how to face the child's problems in life.

"Billy's father and I thoroughly enjoy working in the P. T. A. as there is such an open field for worthwhile work. Many handicapped adults have an inferiority complex due to overly kind intentioned parents or relatives making them feel, when they are very young, that they are entirely set apart from others and dependent because of their handicap.

"However, you did not ask for *all* of this—merely suggestions as to games. If there are any ways in which we can help you, please let us know as we would be happy to do so.

Sincerely yours,

MARGARET L. RICHARD."

Objectives of Teachers for the Blind

The aims of those who teach handicapped children are the same aims for which all wise teachers strive, except for certain specialized techniques necessary in overcoming the physical handicap. The School for the Blind and the Deaf at Staunton, Virginia, established a century ago, continues pioneering in seeking the best methods. In the preparation for the school's centennial, the principal of the Department for the Blind, Mrs. Genevieve Coville, sent out a questionnaire surveying the educational objectives of similar schools. An almost 100 per cent response showed the cooperative spirit among all the institutions.

The objectives listed in the order of importance assigned them by a majority of the teachers in the schools re-emphasize the closing paragraphs of Mrs. Richard's letter. You will be interested in checking this list with your own aims and the importance you give to each.

1. Mental health, emotional stability, poise
2. Physical well-being, good health
3. Ability to think logically and clearly

(Continued on page 4)

Fitness for Service for March

Health Debates

The Red Cross Nursing Service suggests the use of informal debates as a means of stimulating interest in health problems. For example:

"Resolved, that work promotes health better than play." Argument for the affirmative may include examples of work like cleaning up the yard, shoveling snow, bringing in fire wood, doing other outdoor chores, mowing the lawn, raking the leaves, running errands—with analysis of the muscles exercised in such work. Ammunition for the negative will be found in listing outdoor play such as ball games, building snow men and forts, rolling snowballs, throwing snowballs, skating, sledding, skiing, jumping rope, other springtime games—with the benefits of such recreations to muscle development. The mental benefits from each type of exercise might also enter in—regularity of exercise in definite chores as opposed to the greater zest and stimulus of play.

Another topic: "Resolved that the development of health habits is more important in the grades than in high school." For the affirmative, the advantage of forming health habits in early youth so that they become routine for the rest of one's life. For the negative, the consideration of a more reasoned choice at the high school age and a better understanding of what is to be attained by observing health rules and the fact that the years of growth in high school bring certain important problems that should be dealt with at that age (See Guide for Teachers, February). For the affirmative, the advantage that early care of health has in preventing most serious illness.

"Higher Health Standards for Our Country"

The State Health Departments, the Health Education Bureau of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and similar sources have useful bulletins on many preventable diseases.

Your State Public Health Department probably has a chart of communicable diseases that you can secure by writing.

Some questions suggested by the Nursing Service are:

What ways do we have of protecting ourselves against communicable diseases?

What protection can be given a child before he enters school?

Can life protection be given against any disease?

What are the average periods of protection against smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid?

The pupils in upper grades may enjoy making graphs showing school absences for different com-

municable diseases. Art classes may make posters to help in the campaign of local health agencies that are trying to educate the public for certain types of immunization.

Control of Smallpox

The graphic example of control of disease is that of smallpox. The Metropolitan Life Statistical Bulletin for May, 1938, had an article about the increase of smallpox in the United States in 1937. During that year reported cases totaled 11,806 as against 7,844 the preceding year.

"Four years ago it seemed that the disease was at last coming under control and that it was only a question of time when smallpox would be finally eliminated as a major health problem in this country. Since then, however, there has been a resurgence of the disease that is most disheartening.

"It is strange that a country which boasts of its conquests over typhoid fever, diphtheria, and infantile diarrhea, and which has made such remarkable strides against tuberculosis and other respiratory infections, should find it so difficult to control what is probably the most easily preventable disease known to medical science. By the simple process of universal vaccination, smallpox can be utterly eradicated from any community at a nominal cost per person. It requires no vast expenditure for water purification plants and complicated sewer systems as in the case of typhoid fever, nor costly edifices and highly organized personnel as are needed for the control of tuberculosis.

"A peculiar feature of the smallpox situation in the United States is that the disease is confined very largely to some of the least populous States. Considering its highly contagious character, one would expect to find the disease most prevalent in the congested areas of the East." But during a five-year period there were only 256 smallpox cases reported in eight populous Eastern States while eight much less populous states on the opposite side of the continent reported more than 14,000 in the same period.

"The high prevalence of smallpox in the Northwestern States cannot be attributed to conditions involving either the climate or the general topography. It is well known that smallpox thrives in every climate and in all parts of the globe. It is rampant in such widely separated areas as India, parts of Africa, and Mexico. Its presence depends entirely upon how widely the efficacy of vaccination is recognized and the extent to which this preventive measure is adopted."

(Continued from page 3)

4. Good personal habits—overcoming "blindisms" and inhibitions

5. Pleasing personality traits

6. Ideals, a purpose which gives meaning to life

7. Work habits of promptness, thoroughness and industry

8. Ability to meet new situations without fear

9. Ability to make worthwhile use of leisure time

10. Sensible recognition of abilities and limitations

11. Ability to speak and write good English

12. Intellectual curiosity to carry over into adult life

13. Knowledge of the social amenities

14. Guidance into a particular vocation

15. Thorough mastery of Braille

16. Wide interest in current events, history, geography

17. Self expression, originality

18. Ability for leadership, initiative

19. Ability to read with speed and fluency

20. Ear training for comprehension

21. Ability to appreciate good music

22. Ability to spell correctly

23. Mastery of subject matter through formal drill

24. Ability to work arithmetic problems correctly

25. Mastery of music as a vocation

26. A record of high grades

27. Ability to read Latin, French, German

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

April . 1939

Brass Cows

MARY AND CONRAD BUFF

Illustrations by Conrad Buff

KOBI, fast asleep in his wooden bed, was dreaming he herded his father's cows on an Alpine meadow. In the middle of the meadow was a great rock that had fallen down from the cliffs many years ago.

On the top of this rock sat two baby angels. They held a pair of black leather braces in their hands. On the breastband of the braces shone two cows of brass. These were the braces that Kobi must earn for the Alp Journey.

The angels called, "Kobi, climb up on this rock and we will give you the braces to wear with your yellow pants and your red vest."

Kobi dug his toes into the cracks of the rock. He climbed up and up. He reached the top. But every time he touched the braces the angels snatched them from him.

Kobi awoke. His face was wet with tears. He threw off the hot feather pad that covered him, and wiped his face on the sheet.

The clock in the dining room far below in the old house struck one . . . two. . . The room was as black as coal. A dog howled, and the wind whined around the house. Kobi sat up in bed.

He tried to think how he could ever earn the money for the leather braces. If it were only summer, he could help cut the hay. But the braces cost sixteen francs. He had asked the cobbler who made them in Zell each time he took his shoes to be mended. Kobi thought and thought about the braces, but he could think of no way to earn any money.

If he could only sell something. Kobi owned

a red knife with six blades and a corkscrew. It was a Swiss army officer's knife. His cousin had given it to him. But grandfather said it was only worth eight francs when it was new. Eight francs was not sixteen francs.

Then Kobi thought of his goats. He could sell Whitie! Whitie, the mother goat, was five years old. Kobi had heard Father tell Grandfather only the other day that "she would be eating her head off in another year." Kobi could sell Whitie at the Cattle Fair at Zell. There were cattle fairs at Zell every two weeks. They were always printed in the calendar.

Jumping out of bed, Kobi tiptoed over to the window, for every move he made echoed through the old house. A faint grayish light from the outside shone on the calendar that hung on the wall. But Kobi could not read by it. He struck a sulphur match. It burned only a moment, but before it went out Kobi read, "Cattle Fair and Spring Fair, Zell, May twenty-fifth."

That was next Wednesday. Kobi hopped back into his warm bed. He could rest now. No more angels could tease him. When the clock struck three times, Kobi fell into a dreamless sleep.

Just after sunrise on the morning of May twenty-fifth, Kobi was striding down a mountain trail toward Zell, his goat Whitie tripping nimbly behind him. On his back was tied a flour sack. In the flour sack were two apples and a smoked sausage.

Two hours later, Kobi could see the steep



Kobi was striding toward Zell, his goat Whitie behind him

roofs of Zell. The tall church steeple rose high above the houses. The narrow country road was crowded with farmers who drove mouse-colored cows. Boys on bicycles passed by. In the hampers on their backs were baby pigs, or puppies of a cow dog, or young goats. Everybody was going to Zell to sell something, a horse, a cow, a pig, a goat.

As Kobi entered the village he could hardly squeeze through, for the streets between the houses were narrow and full of bleating, barking, lowing animals. The cattle were always tied to the railing between the church and the town hall in the big square.

Kobi found the goat market easily and tied Whitie to the iron railing. He saw many other goats waiting for a buyer, black, brown, white goats, young goats, fat goats, old goats. Kobi knew, by the way they were dressed, that many of the people were from places high up in the mountains. Their boots were heavily hobnailed. They wore dark brown clothes of an old style. Many of them wore flat velvet hats. They had rings in their ears. And they all smoked pipes like Grandfather, black with a silver bowl and lid that was always turned down.

These people cracked jokes about the

animals for sale. They tried to make the owners of the goats think their animals were not worth anything. Several of them looked at Whitie. Kobi knew that Whitie was old. But she did give more milk than any goat of her age that he knew.

A stooped old mountaineer felt Whitie all over with his brown gnarled hands. He looked into her mouth to see how old she

was. He felt her legs and her udder, which was full of milk. Then he said, "Boy, I'll give you twenty-five francs for your goat."

"Twenty-five francs?" said Kobi. "Father told me not to take less than fifty francs."

"Fifty francs," laughed the mountain man. "If you ever get fifty for that old wreck, we'll get black snow." Then he walked away.

Each time Kobi asked fifty francs for Whitie, the mountain people laughed. None thought Whitie was worth much of anything, though anyone could see she was a good milker.

Kobi was tired. He stood first on one foot and then on the other. He was hungry. So he took out the smoked sausage and the apples and ate them. Then he felt better.

Near the goat market were merchants' booths, selling ropes, cheeses, spinach, oranges from Italy, scythes, and boxes of flowers. Above the noise of the people, Kobi could hear the deep boom of the great Alpine bells sold at some distant bell market.

Goat herders came and goat herders went, but none of them stopped. Kobi felt like crying. He was thinking of taking Whitie home when he heard, "Hoy, Kobi."

There stood Sepp, his dearest pal, Sepp the son of the cheesemaker, Uli.

"Hoy, Sepp," said Kobi.

"Are you selling Whitie today?"

"I thought I was," answered Kobi, "but no one seems to want her."

Then he told Sepp about the Alp Journey and the braces he must earn.

"I came down to sell two baby pigs for

Father," said Sepp. "Sold them right away. Father told me to take out one franc for my trouble." Sepp jingled the money in his pocket.

"What's the matter with Whitie?"

"She must be too old," Kobi answered. "One fellow said if I got fifty francs for her we'll get black snow."

"Well, maybe she isn't very young," admitted Sepp, "but she *does* give a lot of milk."

Whitie was restless. She wanted to be milked. She pulled at her rope.

Sepp smiled as a thought came to him. "Let's milk her, Kobi. When these smart fellows see how much milk she gives, the story will be different."

"Agreed," said Kobi.

The boys strolled to the cattle market and found a farmer milking his restless cow. They waited for him to finish. Then they borrowed his bucket.

As they walked back slowly to the goat market, they stopped at every merchant's stall to see what was for sale. They chatted about the Alp Journey. Sepp was going with his father's cattle to the mountains, too. His alp lay in the same valley as Kobi's—not more than thirty minutes' walk away from each other.

"We can spend the evenings together," said Kobi happily.

"Yes, and we can ring the bells; you ring them on your Alp and I will answer you from mine," said Sepp.

When they reached the goat market, they saw that Whitie was gone. A frayed piece of string fluttered from the iron railing.

"Whitie's run away," said Kobi in excitement, "she's run home to be milked."

"Oh, no," said Sepp, "we've been gone only a minute or two. She's somewhere around. They always tie up a runaway animal, anyway."

A crowd gathered in front of a merchant's booth. The boys suddenly heard a woman yell in anger, and saw an umbrella going up and down above the heads of the people.

"She's in there," cried Kobi.

The two boys wormed their way through the group of farmers.

Kobi was right. Whitie was there.

A merchant woman held her by the broken string, and beat her with an umbrella as she cried, "You thief, you thief, where is your master?"

As Kobi grabbed the string from the woman's hand she cried, "Why don't you tie up your goat so she can't break away?" She was so angry she raised her umbrella to strike Kobi. But Sepp stepped in between them. He was tall for his age. Anyone could see he was angry.

The woman stepped back as Sepp yelled at her,

"Let this boy alone. What are you beating his goat for?"

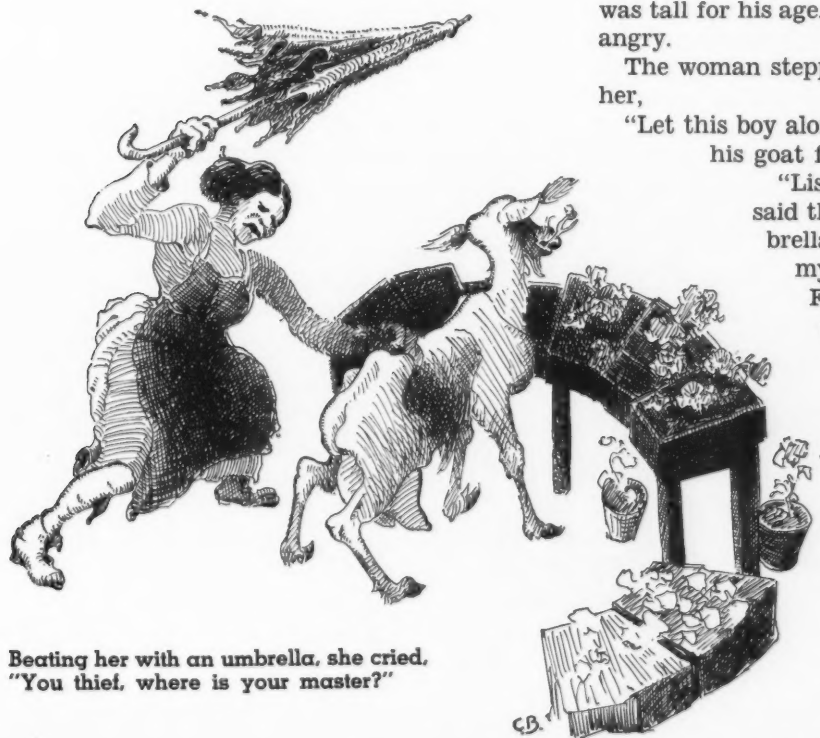
"Listen to the impudent boy," said the woman, waving her umbrella in the air. "For eating my fine pansies, of course.

Five francs' worth of pansies, eaten, the first pansies of the season, too. Look yourself."

Kobi and Sepp looked. Whitie had not nipped many pansies, not more than a dozen at the most.

"Five francs for a dozen pansies," yelled Sepp. "They must be made of pure gold."

Several of the farmers laughed. They liked this boy, stand-



Beating her with an umbrella, she cried, "You thief, where is your master?"

ing up before the angry woman and protecting his smaller friend.

The woman saw the people liked Sepp. She turned to her booth, muttering angry words under her breath. Sepp called to her, "We'll be fair to you. We'll milk the goat and give you all the milk. You'll be well paid for your dozen pansies."

As the people began to wander away, Kobi and Sepp knelt down beside Whitie and milked.

Sepp held the goat by the string.

Neither one of them had seen a farmer in a yellow coat who stood near-by watching them.

As the milk foamed into the bucket he leaned over and asked Kobi, "Is your goat a good milker?"

"Yes," answered Kobi. "She is five years old, but she is a very good milker. Look in the bucket."

"You are a truthful boy," replied the farmer, smiling kindly. "How much do you want for her, son?"

"I have been asking fifty francs."

"Fifty francs is a lot of money for a five-year-old goat," said the man kindly. "Maybe you think she is worth that because she is your pet. I know how boys are." He took thirty francs from his wallet. "Here is thirty francs. Will you take that?"

Kobi hesitated.

Then, encouraged by the kind eyes of the farmer, he told him about the Alp Journey with Uncle Jacob, and the braces with the brass cows he must earn.

The farmer smiled and said, "I was once a cowherd myself on the Alps. I still remember how wonderful it was to wear the black braces

with the shining cows across the breastband. And you need a leather cap, too, and leather straps for your stockings, and a handkerchief for your waist. Perhaps a gold spoon for one ear. I'll tell you what I'll do . . . I'll pay you forty francs, and then you can get everything you need.

"And, anyway, I can see your goat is a good one."

He laid forty francs in Kobi's hand. As he led the goat away, he turned once more and said smiling,

"And the next time, son, tie your goat with a strong rope."

"I will," said Kobi.

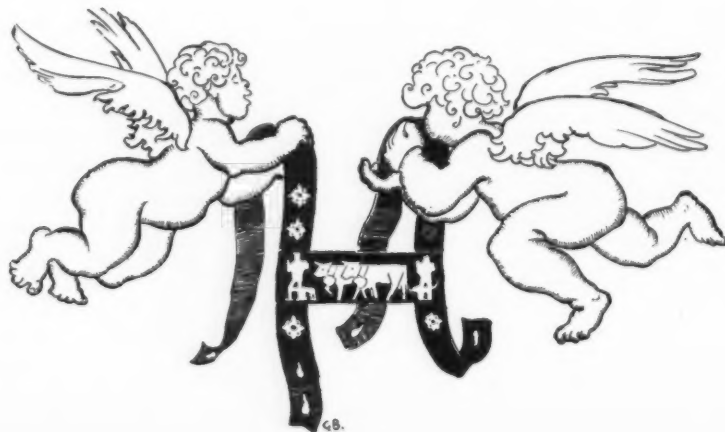
In only a few moments Kobi and Sepp had given the milk to the merchant woman and returned the bucket to the farmer in the cattle market. Then they ran as fast as they could through the crooked streets of Zell, past the bell mart, past even the merry-go-round, and arrived in the dark shop of the cobbler out of breath.

Kobi threw sixteen francs down on the counter. The cobbler pointed to the braces hanging on the wall. Kobi took them down and held them up to the light.

They were beautiful. Two brass cows, two herders, two little dogs paraded across the breastband of the braces, shining like new gold.

As Kobi and Sepp walked out of the shop, Kobi saw a vision:

A herdboy walked at the front of the long procession of cows and calves and heifers. He had on a red vest and bright yellow pants. Across his breast were the black leather braces with the cows of brass. The herdboy was Kobi.





"James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy!"

A Teakettle and a New World Order

GERTRUDE HARTMAN

"JAMES WATT, I never saw such an idle boy. For a whole hour, you have not spoken a word, but have taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again. Aren't you ashamed of spending your time in this way? Why don't you take a book and employ yourself usefully?"

Thus spoke his aunt sternly to little James Watt, one evening, as he sat at the tea table in his home in Greenock, Scotland. For some time he had been bent over the teakettle, closely watching the steam as it puffed from its spout, and holding first a spoon, then a cup, to catch the drops of water that gathered as the steam condensed there. Little did the aunt dream that this boy when he grew up was to become one of the world's greatest inventors, who would give men a new power to help them in their work. To her he seemed to be wasting his time. But he was learning his first lesson about the ways of steam.

Another time he was stretched out on the floor drawing lines on the hearth with a piece of chalk when a friend of his father said, "Mr. Watt, you ought to send that boy to school and not allow him to trifle away his time at home."

"See how my child is occupied before you criticize him," replied Mr. Watt.

Although he was only a little over six years

old, Jamie was busy drawing triangles and curves, trying to solve a problem in geometry.

When the visitor discovered this he said, "Forgive me. This boy's education has not been neglected. He is no common child."

As James grew older, he spent much of his time in his father's shop, where he had tools and a workbench of his own. There he made all sorts of things and learned to work with metal and wood. So skillful was he that the workmen often used to say, "Jamie has a fortune in his fingertips."

When Watt grew up and the time came for him to choose a trade, it seemed wise for him to follow one in which he could use his mechanical talents. So he set out for Glasgow to become an instrument maker. He became a friend of the professors in the university there, and they often sent him instruments that were out of order to repair.

At this time, the miners of England were having great trouble getting coal out of the mines. Men and women toiled for long hours far down under the ground digging the coal, and then they had to carry it out of the mines in big baskets on their backs. Whenever they dug deep into the earth, the mines flooded with water and had to be given up.

A miner by the name of Thomas Newcomen had invented a pump which was used in many



The question haunted Watt day and night

mines, but it was not very good because it took almost as much coal to run it as the miners were able to get out by using it.

It happened, one day, that a model of a Newcomen pump belonging to the University of Glasgow needed repairing and was sent to Watt. It had a cylinder with a piston in it which moved up and down. Steam was admitted to the cylinder from below and forced the piston up. The piston was attached by a rod to one end of an overhead beam, to the other end of which was attached a rod which went down into the mine. A bucket was fastened to the end of this. When the piston was pushed up by the steam in the cylinder the end of the beam to which it was attached went up and the other end of the beam went down, letting the bucket down into the mine. Then the steam was condensed by a jet of cold water, the piston fell and the other end of the overhead beam went up, bringing up the bucket which had scooped up some water from the bottom of the mine.

As Watt put the model of Newcomen's pump in order, he saw what a great amount of heat was wasted by the constant heating and reheating of the cylinder. He realized that in order to avoid this waste the cylinder should always be kept hot. But how then could the steam be condensed and the pump be made to work? Watt decided to try to find a way.

How could the steam be cooled without cooling the cylinder that held it? This was the question which haunted Watt day and night. He tried out one plan after another, but nothing he tried was successful. "Nature has a

weak side," he was fond of saying, "if only we can find it out." So he continued his experiments.

Suddenly, one day, as he was out walking, the solution of the problem came to him. "I was taking a walk, one fine Sunday afternoon in 1765," he tells us. "I was thinking about the engine and how to save heat in the cylinder, when the idea came to my mind that as steam is elastic it would rush into a vacuum. If a pipe were made between the cylinder and an exhausted vessel, the steam would rush into it and might be condensed there without cooling the cylinder. I had not walked far before the whole thing was

arranged in my mind."

Eagerly Watt set to work to make a model carrying out his idea. Days of hard work and frequent failures followed, but Watt felt sure he was on the right track and kept on. All this time he was earning very little. His business of mending instruments had fallen off, and he was badly in debt. Time and again it seemed as if he would have to give up. It is little wonder that he was downhearted and that he wrote to one of his friends: "Of all foolish things in life, there is nothing more foolish than inventing. Today I enter the thirty-fifth year of my life and I think I have done hardly thirty-five pence worth of good in the world."

But just at the time of Watt's greatest discouragement came the turning point in his life.

A wealthy manufacturer, named Matthew Boulton, became interested in his engine and offered to become his partner. A workshop was set up where Watt was able to try out his ideas better than he had ever been able to do before. Soon he had built an engine and was ready to try it in a mine. Mine owners came from near and far to see it work, and to their amazement they saw it pump water out of the mine as they had never seen a pump do before. Orders for the new steam engine came pouring in, and soon Watt's engines came to be used in mines all over England.

Although Watt's engine was invented for use in mines, it came to have a much wider use. At that time the people of England were

beginning to make cloth with spinning and weaving machines in factories, and it was discovered that the steam engine could be harnessed to the wheels of the new machines to supply the power to run them. Later it was found that all kinds of machines could be run by it.

By the close of the eighteenth century, all the leading industries of England were run by steam power and her busy factories were turning out goods in great quantities.

Then came a new difficulty. Factories had to be constantly supplied with raw materials or the machines would be idle. From them came a steady stream of goods that must be sold.

If they could not be disposed of in the immediate neighborhood, they must be carried quickly to more and more distant places or the factories would have to be slowed down.

Now for thousands of years, from the time of the first wheeled cart away back in the early days of the world, people had to depend on slow-moving vehicles drawn by horses or other animals to carry them and their goods over the land.

Through those same thousands of years boats rowed by the strength of men's muscles or driven along by the force of the wind were used for water transportation. There was a great need for better transportation than any known, and it is not surprising that soon after Watt invented the steam engine men of inventive minds should have tried to use it to propel boats on the water and vehicles on the land.

The first improvement came in water transportation. Men both in England and America worked on this problem without success.

Then came Robert Fulton, an American inventor, who made the first successful steamboat.

In 1807, it made its historic journey up the Hudson River in New York.

Not long after this men were able to apply steam to the running of locomotives to pro-

vide better transportation on land. With Watt's engine to pump the water out of the mines, miners were bringing up more coal than ever before. But moving the coal from the mines to the nearest wharf for shipment was one of the greatest problems for mine owners.

Then George Stephenson, who worked in a mine, thought that one of Watt's engines might be set on wheels and made to run along a track.

He built a locomotive which was found to be very successful.

With the invention of the steam engine to supply unlimited power to industries and the steamboat and locomotive to provide swift transportation by land and sea, the foundation of our modern industrial civilization was laid, a civilization entirely different from anything the world had ever known before.

Before the days of swift transportation the people of a community had to supply most of their needs. This was not a very satisfactory state of affairs because the people could have only what they themselves could produce. With the coming of the new methods of transportation, people no longer had to depend on their own neighborhood for the things they needed and wanted. They could be brought to them quickly and cheaply from all parts of the world.

Because of differences of soil, climate, or natural resources, the people of one nation are able to produce some things better than others.

Today, because of worldwide trade, the people of one nation can concentrate on the industries for which they are best suited, send over the world what they don't need, and receive in exchange from other countries things which they themselves can not grow or make.

In this way every nation benefits from what other nations have and people everywhere are able to enjoy the great natural riches of the whole earth.



But with this worldwide exchange of goods the welfare of the people of each nation has come to depend upon almost every nation of the world.

In the days before the steam engine the people of one neighborhood were independent.

Today no family is independent. One industry depends upon another. One com-

munity depends upon another. One nation depends upon another. Every day people all over the world are working for our happiness and comfort.

It is like an endless chain. Sometimes something happens to break a link in the chain, and then we realize how dependent we are on other people that perhaps we never thought of.

Mine's Mine

WILLIAM C. WHITE

Illustrations by Avery Johnson

PART II

AS MRS. HUDSON opened the silverware drawer, Mouseknees felt that someone was hitting him on the knees. He looked down and saw that his knees were hitting each other. It was not only that two forks were missing, but he had said that everything was back in its place, and he would have to explain that, too. Mrs. Hudson was undecided where to start and finally decided to begin with the knives.

They were all accounted for. Then the spoons. They were all there. Then the forks. She had the first dozen counted, and Mouseknees knew that his time as an up-stairs boy was almost over. In fact, his work here at the hotel was about finished. Mrs. Hudson was counting the second dozen, and Mouseknees wondered if she would tell his parents and if they would make him leave his home.

And he would not even have Pahdetoo to go with him.

As she was beginning the third dozen, the cook called from the kitchen,

"Mrs. Hudson!"

She went at once and the next thing Mouseknees heard was a scream, and he had never heard Mrs. Hudson scream before.

"Come here, one of you boys, at once!"

Mouseknees was there first. Mrs. Hudson was pointing over the railing at her prized bed of anthurium lilies. In the middle of it, unconcerned about silver, hotel, or Mrs. Hudson, was Pahdetoo, interested only in seeing how many of the finest blossoms he could eat at once.

Mrs. Hudson ran down to the garden, and

Mouseknees followed her, while the other boys stood at the veranda railing watching.

"Get that goat," Mrs. Hudson shouted. "The idea—my best lilies!"

Mouseknees looked around for Pigeon, but Pigeon was nowhere in sight. Then he went after the goat, but Pahdetoo thought it was a game and he was glad to play. He jumped into the next flower bed, filled with hibiscus bushes and beat a track through them two feet wide.

Mouseknees caught him as he came out the other side of the bed, a smile on his face that was half marred by the remnant of a pink lily dangling from his mouth.

"How did that goat get here?" Mrs. Hudson asked.

Mouseknees had never seen her so angry, and he said nothing. After all, he did not know.

"Whose goat is it?"

He held the goat tighter. He would have liked to answer, but before he could say anything Mrs. Hudson was shouting again. Under a tree, just behind the garden, stretched out sound asleep, was Pigeon.

Usually this was a safe time for him to sleep, while Mrs. Hudson was in the dining room, busy with lunch.

"Pigeon!"

That was loud enough to awaken a dozen sleeping men.

He sat up sleepily, saw Mrs. Hudson, and in a second he was on his feet.

"Yes, ma'am!"

Mrs. Hudson glared at him.

"I suppose you thought I was in the dining room and that you could sleep for a little while?"



Mouseknees caught him as he came out the other side of the bed

"No, ma'am. Yes, ma'am."

Mouseknees wondered how Pigeon could stand there and why he did not run off.

"I'll attend to you later," Mrs. Hudson said grimly. "Is this your goat eating my flowers?"

"Goat?" Pigeon sounded puzzled. "Goat? Oh, that goat? No, ma'am, that's not my goat."

"Whose goat is it?"

Pigeon scratched his head. "It must belong to somebody."

"If you had been awake the goat would not have gotten in the flowers," Mrs. Hudson said. "I don't care whose goat it is—I want it gotten rid of at once."

Mouseknees held Pahdetoo tighter. Even the goat looked sad. He knew that if he claimed the goat he would be blamed for the damage to the flower beds, and he had enough to worry about without wanting to be punished for that.

Yet, if Pahdetoo were taken to the market and sold!

"Ma'am," Mouseknees said timidly, "this is my goat."

"Your goat?"

"That's right," Pigeon said, and he smiled broadly at the thought of being relieved of all

responsibility. "I heard Mouseknees say this morning that this he goat."

"Where did you get it?" Mrs. Hudson asked.

"I just sort of kind of found it," Mouseknees said, wondering what would happen to him now. Pahdetoo licked his hand. "See, the goat knows me."

"Very well, Mouseknees," Mrs. Hudson said. "We shan't need you in the dining room at lunch. You go in and put the silver away, then you come here and work in the flower beds and repair the damage your goat did. And take that goat home with you tonight and don't bring him here any more."

"I'm not going to be an upstairs boy, ma'am?" Mouseknees asked, not even glad for a chance to put the rest of the silver away uncounted.

"We'll decide that later," Mrs. Hudson answered. "You have plenty of work to do here in the garden." She turned to Pigeon. "As for you, for loafing, you can sweep the tennis courts at once."

Mouseknees smiled at that. That was the most unpleasant work on the place, for it had to be done in full sun.

He went to the veranda and quickly put the silver away and Mrs. Hudson seemed to have forgotten it. Then he came back to the garden to look at the damage to the flower beds.

There was plenty of damage and he would be busy all afternoon. Having to work outside now might not be so bad; at least he could keep an eye on Pahdetoo, who was now tied to a tree and was busy trying to turn far enough around to eat the rope that bound him. If he had lost his upstairs job, at least he had the goat.

He began to straighten broken stalks in the flower bed. He heard his name called and saw Pigeon, the tennis court brush over one shoulder. He was laughing. "Hy'ah, Mouseknees! So you got the sack?"

"Don't humbug me," Mouseknees said, which is a Tobago way of saying, "Don't bother me." He added, "Anyway, I got my goat!"

"You're silly, man!" Pigeon said, laughing louder. "That goat belongs to Rodney Flish. He bring it here this morning and forget it."

Mouseknees felt his face sag. Rodney Flish was a tall young man who came each morning with a pushcart of vegetables which he sold to the hotel. He usually had a dog following him, and he might very well have had a goat and have forgotten it.

Pigeon was enjoying himself. "And Rodney come back this afternoon and get he goat. So what you got, now? Nothing! Just a job in the flower garden." He moved the tennis court brush from one shoulder to the other as if he were doing a day's work.

"This afternoon I give Mis' Hudson the forks and then I have you' job!" He went off singing, "You never miss the water till the well run dry, Like a mother when she close she eye!"

It was hot in the sun, and Mouseknees wished that Mrs. Hudson had put her gardens in the deep shade. An hour's work scarcely showed. Pahdetoo was sleeping in the shadow of a near-by tree, and Mouseknees wished that he could lie in the shade, too. Across the road, Pigeon was finishing his work on the tennis court. Mouseknees thought of the morning, when he had been completely happy. It seemed unbelievably long ago. Everything had happened too fast. Now he was not sure of his upstairs job, and when Rodney Flish came he would not have the goat. He tried to decide why the goat was not his. After all, he had it, and Pigeon had said that when you had a thing that made it yours.

He heard steps on the path and he looked up anxiously. Instead of Flish, it was his old friend Crawfoot, an old man who usually hung around the wharf. He was carrying a parcel.

"Hy'ah, Crawfoot," Mouseknees said. "What you got?"

"Fish for Mis' Hudson. I come back to you just now."

When Crawfoot came back Mouseknees said, "Tell me somethin', Crawfoot. When is mine mine?"

"That," Crawfoot said, looking around for a shady spot, "is a terrible hard question. That's about the hardest question there is."

"You see," Mouseknees said earnestly, "over there's my goat or it was my goat until Pigeon said it was his, and then he didn't want it and he gave it to me, but now it isn't mine because it's Rodney Flish's. And my upstairs job was mine, too, until Pigeon said he was going to take it away from me."

"I understand," Crawfoot said, although his wrinkled face did not show it. "What you want to know is, how can you be sure that mine's mine?"

Mouseknees said, "And what makes yours yours?"

Crawfoot scratched his head. "Look at this dead leaf here. Whose is it?"

"Nobody's."

"That's right. Why not?"

"What good is it? Nobody wants it."

"Mouseknees," Crawfoot said solemnly, "you'll be almost as wise as me some day. If people didn't want things just for themselves, there wouldn't be no mine and yours. If it wasn't for that, everything would be everybody's and nothing would be nobody's. So yours is yours just as long as nobody else wants it or as long as you got enough muscle and sense to keep 'em from taking it away from you. It oughtn't to be that way, and maybe it won't always be."

"Then if nobody wants my goat, he's mine?"

"Yes, sir," Crawfoot said, solemnly. "Just so long as you can keep anyone wantin' from takin' it away from you." He stood up. "I can't expect you to understand that yet—I don't exactly understand it myself, but that's how things is."

He patted the goat and then went down the drive.

"If nobody wants mine, then it's mine," Mouseknees said. Maybe Rodney would not want his goat. He had little time to think about it for just then Pigeon called him.

"Hey, Mouseknees, see who's comin'!"

Walking up the drive was Rodney Flish. He said something to Pigeon and Pigeon pointed to Mouseknees. Flish came over and said, "See a brown goat around here?"

Mouseknees wished he was ten miles away, with the goat safely under his arm.

"A particular fancy goat," Flish added. "A joy to his mother's heart."

Mouseknees said nothing.

"There he is," Flish said, "behavin' like a Sunday school boy under that tree." He walked over and untied him.

Mouseknees looked up angrily. "He mine."

"Yours? Hugh!" Rodney laughed at that.

"He is, too. Pigeon said he was mine." Mouseknees pointed to the house. "You go ask Mis' Hudson—she heard him say it was my goat. She won't let you take him from me."

"Pigeon's a bad hat," Rodney said, which is a Tobago word for "rascal." "I think I break his neck. I certainly goin' to lick him down. Hey, Pigeon, come here."

Pigeon came over, not looking so happy. "You tell Mis' Hudson this is Mouseknees' goat?"

"Yeah, I said that. You see. . . ."

"Put you fists up, boy. I'm goin' to cuff you."

Rodney was not fooling. He was bigger than Pigeon, older, and stronger.

Pigeon tried to explain. "Wait a minute. . .!"

"No wait no minute," Flish said. "You go tell Mis' Hudson that my goat. . ."

"It won't be so good for you if I tell her," Pigeon said. "The goat eat she flowers up."

"I didn't put him in flowers. You put him in flowers, I bet."

Mouseknees was enjoying this. He had little hope of saving his goat, but suddenly he saw something he might do. He went to Pigeon. "Lemme whisper to you." Pigeon stooped down. "You don't want Rodney to beat you? I give him the goat if you give me the forks."

Rodney was getting angrier. "What you waitin' for, Pigeon? Either you go tell Mis' Hudson and make her make Mouseknees give me back my goat or else. . ." His fist was as big and as black as a cannon ball.

"Tell him the goat's his," Pigeon said, reaching in his pocket.

Mouseknees shook his head. "First, the forks."

Pigeon handed them over and Mouseknees put them in his pocket. Then he was about to get Pahdetoo when he heard a scream from the veranda.



"That goat, that goat!" It was Mrs. Hudson.

Unconcerned about the argument, Pahdetoo had wandered off to a near-by flower bed and was finding that zinnias were as tasty as lilies. And Mrs. Hudson was running toward them.

"That goat. . .! Is it the same one? Mouseknees, is that your goat?"

Mouseknees was about to shake his head, but he looked at Rodney. Flish's face was wrinkled as if he just understood what trouble he was about to get into.

"Yes, ma'am," Rodney said earnestly. "That's Mouseknee's goat!"

"Yes, ma'am," Mouseknees said, the goat now caught between his two legs.

"Three of you stand around and can't keep one goat from my flowers!" Mrs. Hudson said. "The three of you, get to work and fix up the damage to those flowers."

"Me, ma'am?" Pigeon said.

"Me, ma'am?" Rodney said.

"Yes, you, if you want to continue to sell vegetables to me. You're a grown man. You ought to be able to keep your eyes open."

Mouseknees said nothing. The forks were in his pocket, and one hand held the goat. Then he looked up at Mrs. Hudson. "I'm awful sorry, ma'am." To make sure he was still an upstairs boy, he said, "As soon as I finish here, I'll come in and do a good job of cleanin' silver."

"You'll what. . .?" Mrs. Hudson walked off, murmuring something about never understanding what went on in these boys' heads.

Mouseknees ran to the house for a drink of water, and slipped the forks back in their place. He came back to the garden singing. "You'll see, it's hard work, Pigeon. Awful hot!"

Neither Pigeon nor Flish answered. They were growling to each other about the blame for this.

Pahdetoo was sleeping again, and Mouseknees went to him and whispered, "You my goat, Pahdetoo! Because nobody wanted you, that's why! Mine, mine, mine!"

THE END

(You will find these and other adventures of this boy of Tobago told in "Mouseknees," the book to be published by Random House, New York, next summer.—EDITOR.)

"Mouseknees, is that your goat?"

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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At Easter

EASTER is named from an ancient Teutonic goddess and dates back to the Spring festivals of pagan times, though it is now celebrated in Christian countries as a church festival. Customs like the one shown on the Calendar picture this month probably were begun before the Christian era. A letter from Gyor, Hungary, explains that on Easter Monday the boys there walk down a certain street and sprinkle scented water on all the girls who come along. In some villages the boys fasten green boughs over the doors of the girls' houses on Easter morning. Next day they go to the houses and sprinkle the water and the girls give them colored eggs. Then boys and girls go to the village inn to dance.

The sprinkling custom is observed in Poland, too. A writer in the Polish Junior Red Cross magazine says:

The origin of the "dyngus," or shower bath, is not well known. Some people say that it came to us from the East Indies, where the new year began in spring and people washed away their sins of the old year by pouring water on each other. Some say that this custom came to us from Germany, where boys wandered from house to house and doused water on those who would not give them Easter cakes as a ransom.

We think the most beautiful Easter custom

of modern times is the Easter Truce of Czechoslovakia, which has been observed every year in that country since 1921. We have told about it in past issues of the NEWS. In the article on the subject in the issue for last April, we said, "Perhaps some of America's Juniors will plan this year to join their comrades in Czechoslovakia in spirit and in deed in the Truce of Easter" [the three days when the press, the radio, and all the people put aside quarrels and bad feelings and turn their thoughts towards speaking kindly and doing good].

Members of Kelly Lake School, Hibbing, Minnesota, took the idea to heart, for they said in a letter to the Red Cross in Prague:

Dear Red Cross Comrades:

Our April issue of the Junior Red Cross magazine told us about the "Easter Truce" of Czechoslovakia. We tried to practice it during the remaining part of the school year. We think you have a splendid idea, and if everyone in the world practiced it, we know the world would be safer and happier.

Announcements

APRIL 14 IS Pan American Day. More and more schools in the Western Hemisphere are celebrating that day each year. In case you did not notice the announcement in last month's NEWS, we tell you again that you will get a great deal of help in planning programs by writing to the Pan American Union, Washington, D. C., which offers many fine suggestions.

We have had so many requests for extra copies of the material on counting time and the time map of the world in the January NEWS that we have made a reprint. On one side of the page is a shortened form of the article and on the other is the time map. Requests for these reprints should be sent to the American Red Cross offices in San Francisco, St. Louis, or Washington, D. C., depending on the area in which you live.

The Cover Picture

THE SWISS cottage on the cover is the home of Zwingli, the reformer and patriot of the sixteenth century. It is at Wildhaus, in a valley near Appenzell. The artist is Conrad Buff, illustrator and co-author of "Brass Cows."



POLISH J.R.C. MAGAZINE

Something to Read

The Year is a Round Thing

HELENE EBELTOFT
DAVIS

Harper's. \$2.00
(Ages 9 to 12)

HELENE EBELTOFT lived in Tromsø, which is within the Arctic Circle in Norway. There it was dark all winter. Only for half of the year did the sun come out. It stayed longer and longer every day until, in mid-summer, it did not go down at all.

Helene liked to think of the year as a wheel, twelve parts of it marked off by the spokes into months. The top part of the wheel was dark, with a lighted Christmas tree at the highest point. The rest of the year was down hill, until you got to the brightly-lighted summer part at the bottom. Then as the days grew shorter, and school began, you started to move up hill again into the dark part of the wheel.

Each part of the wheel between the spokes had its special occasion. In October the great event was Helene's birthday. In January when the sun first came back for a few minutes, everyone in the village climbed a hill above the town to see it. In March all the Ebeltoft children went down to see their old friends in the fishing fleet come in. Their parents strongly disapproved of these visits, because the children usually came home smelling of fish and coal oil, and sometimes with fleas in their hair.

In Mr. Ebeltoft's big warehouse were stored shipments from all over the world. During the winter the children liked to climb around there and pretend that the boxes with their strange labels were ships which would sail back to foreign ports. On other dark days there was the barnloft, full of hay, where a little dish of milk was always left for the Niss, the small elf who lived in the barn. There was even a good-natured ghost in the old house, to provide a little excitement when things were otherwise dull.

In April came the Lapps, with their rein-



deer herds, their good-natured smiles, and their queer ways. The children looked forward to a visit to their camp. The more so because April was well on the way to that light part of the year which Helene loved.

Johnny Get Your Money's Worth

RUTH BRINDZE

Vanguard Press. \$2.00
(Ages 9 to 14)

WOULD YOU like to know how to buy the best kind of bicycle, and what makes a good tennis racket? Do you know how baseballs are made? Or how to pick the best roller skates? Or what kind of candy you are really getting?

But maybe you are more interested in buying clothes that are attractive and good, and that will stay that way. Or in what you really need to keep your complexion nice.

Of course business men want to sell their products, whether good or bad, and some manufacturers try to make you think their products better than they really are. Some may even put in things that are actually harmful.

Of course most advertisers are quite honest, but some would like to have you think all kinds of things that aren't really so.

"Johnny Get Your Money's Worth (And Jane Too)" is a book that will put you on your guard against false claims, and tell you what actually goes into many products that you buy.

For children and young people buy more than they realize, and it is to the advantage of advertisers to get their business.

After you read this book you will have a much better idea of how to buy what you really want and need.

It will be harder for manufacturers to persuade you to get things of inferior quality that you don't need and don't want.

It might also interest you to read what food goes on a good athlete's training table in a day, or to see how much different firms spend to make the face powder they sell at such high prices.—C. E. W.

Mysterious Easter Island



The mysterious statues of Easter Island

PHOTO FROM ROUTLEDGE EXPEDITION

AMONG the tales of our childhood, the most beautiful are probably those which tell of lost cities beneath the sea. It is there that at midnight, when the moon is full, a faint sound of bells rises from the depth of the ocean. When the surface is quite clear, towers and church steeples can be distinguished under the water. Once in every hundred years, the submerged city rises again, on the stroke of midnight. The streets are once more animated with a strange life, and if some traveler, born on a Sunday, goes at this time into the mysterious town, he sees merchants, silent as shadows, offering him gold and silver with imploring gestures, rich tapestries and wonderful fruits. If he accepts, the town is then delivered from its enchantment forever and the souls of the inhabitants can at last rest in peace. But if he disdains their offers, the town must descend again into the sea as soon as the edge of the full moon touches the surface of the ocean, and, if the stranger has not left the island in time, he too will disappear into the depths and will never be heard of again.

But is it only in stories that these things happen? Indeed, I have never found myself on the sea at midnight under a full moon and never with my own eyes have I seen the sub-

merged city arise, but I have learned to read in a larger book than any of my childhood days; there are some astonishing things in it. This great book is that which the world herself opens for us, and I will tell you a true story that I found in it.

Once upon a time in the middle of the Pacific Ocean there was an island which seemed to be an enchanted garden. On its coast rose gigantic stone statues half buried in the volcanic, grass-grown soil. Some were more than sixty-five feet high. One would have said that they were men of extraordinary size whom the revelation of a terrible fate had petrified with fright. Lean-

ing forward, the stone figures appeared to be waiting. Stone tools lay strewn about, but of those who had handled them there was no trace. Several centuries ago some hardy navigators exploring the Pacific Ocean discovered this island on Easter Day. That is why they called it Easter Island. Their astonishment was great when they saw the colossal statues. No one was ever able to discover the origin of the sculptured rocks.

There was a rumor one day that Easter Island had disappeared without leaving a trace, and, with it, the men who inhabited it and the stone statues. The sea which had swallowed them up, it was said, alone knew the secret of their origin. This was in November, 1922, but the news turned out to be false. An earthquake had disturbed the region and had given rise to the rumor.

Easter Island has therefore not returned to the depths of the sea. But she still keeps her secret. Some people say that perhaps this is all that remains of a continent which has disappeared, and of a very ancient civilization. The earth has not always had the conformation that is now familiar to us. Indeed we can ourselves note the manner in which the earth changes. The island of Heligoland in the North Sea was formerly much bigger than it

is today. The sea eats incessantly into its red rocks which crumble little by little like a piece of ice in tepid water. History tells us that the town of Ravenna in Italy was a seaport, but it is now well inland. In southern seas, corals raise the bed of the ocean. Their rocky envelopes pile up in successive layers which finally reach the surface of the water, forming coral reefs. Fine sand fills in the interstices and a new island is born.

The volcanic forces of the earth are always on the alert and ready to submerge an island or make another one appear. A burning blood

runs in the veins of our Mother Earth, as men realize sometimes with consternation. Thus Easter Island was built up from the volcanic action in the ocean depths; thus Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried under the lava of Vesuvius; thus the whole of Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake. It seems as if the Earth wants to shock us from time to time by such convulsions to teach us to respect the planet on which we live.

—Austrian Junior Red Cross Magazine, March, 1933. Translated by the League of Red Cross Societies.

Our Hurricane Hero

A TRUE STORY

Class Industrial I, P. S. 89, Bronx, New York

DO YOU know what a hurricane is? If you don't, where were you on Wednesday, September twenty-first?

The first day of autumn brought with it a hurricane which cost many lives. Many, many homes were destroyed.

We will never forget how Edward Connelly of Class Industrial I saved the lives of five people and his pet dog. This is Edward's story:

I live in Pelham Bay. The school bus brings me to school. The afternoon of the hurricane, when I was riding home in the bus, I was frightened at the sights in the streets and roads.

As I got out of the bus, the wind almost carried me off my feet. My father's automobile was in front of our house. The wind rocked the automobile like a cradle. Most of the trees were torn up from the ground and were floating in the streets. Our garage shook.

My father and I were afraid our house would collapse.

A little later my father and I decided to prop up the few trees which remained in the ground. We opened the door of our house. The water had reached the top step of our doorsteps.

I lost no time. I ran to the backyard for my rowboat. I built my rowboat. It is only large enough to hold two children or one adult. I could not reach my rowboat. The streets and yard looked like Venice. They looked like canals. I took off my shoes and

stockings and rolled up my trousers. I waded in the water up to my knees. That is how I reached my boat.

I emptied the water from the boat. I got into it and rowed over to my doorsteps. My father said, "Save sister first." My sister and I stepped into the boat. I rowed through the driveway.

When I got out of the driveway a large log blocked me. My boat almost turned over. I rowed back and through our neighbor's driveway.

Then I rowed across the street to the house opposite. This house is built on a very high foundation. The good lady who lived in this house waited at the doorsteps to help the people whose homes were flooded. She took my little sister into her house.

Now I quickly rowed back to save my old father.

When I got back to the house, my father was sitting on top of the table. He was trembling with fright. He was shivering with the cold. I held the boat with one hand and with the other hand I helped my father step into it. I could not get into the boat with him. The boat was too small.

I swam along the side of the boat. I used one hand to swim. With the other hand I pulled my boat. That is how I rowed my father across the road to the same house where my sister was.

While I was saving my father I heard cries for help. Our neighbors next door were begging for help. The water was rising higher and higher. I called back, "I will come back

and help you. Be patient until I bring my father across." A mother, father and little daughter were waiting, frightened and anxious, for me to come back. I quickly rushed back and helped the mother first. As she was getting into the boat, she said, "I can't swim one stroke. Please be careful." Again I swam along the side of the boat. Again I pulled the boat with one hand. As the mother was getting out of the boat, the boat tipped to one side. She screamed. The boat was filled with water. After I placed this frightened lady in safety, I went back for the rest of her family. I saved her little daughter next and her husband last. Now I did not forget about my pet dog.

I could not use my rowboat. The boat sank. I lost no time. I swam across to save my pet. When I got into the house, my dog Ghandi was on the bed. I called to him and immediately began swimming across with him. By this time I had no strength left to swim. I held on to my pet dog while he swam. We got half way across when my pet dog went under the water. I knew he was drowning. Pulling

my weight was too much for him.

I picked up enough strength to lift him. Fortunately a large log was within reach. I put the dog on the log. I held the dog and log with my two hands. By kicking my feet we succeeded in drifting across the rest of the road.

When we stepped off the log, I fell back into the deep water and mud. I had no strength left. I felt myself drowning. The kind people helped both my dog and me into their house. The next thing I remember, I was lying in bed. The good lady was giving me hot tea. I was wearing clothes which did not belong to me. I was chilled. I was tired. I wanted to sleep. I did sleep. About midnight my father woke me. We all went back to our own house. The water in the roads had gone back. I did not get out of bed for several days.

I will never forget what a hurricane means. How I hope we will never have another hurricane!

—Reprinted from *The Brown and Gold*, the paper published by P. S. 89.



FOR NEARLY four hundred years the town of Bordighera in Italy has sent up to Rome the palms that are blessed in St. Peter's and distributed to the clergy on Palm Sunday, a week before Easter. Back in 1586 Pope Sixtus V promised that this honor should belong forever to Bordighera, and this is why he made

A Palm Sunday Monopoly

that promise:

In that year there was set up in the stately plaza before St. Peter's the tall Egyptian obelisk which all visitors to Rome admire so much. The great monolith is 93 feet high, without its base, and weighs 332 tons. Eight hundred men, aided by 150 horses and many rollers and cranes, were attempting to raise the obelisk to position while the Pope and a great crowd looked on.

Everyone had been strictly forbidden to speak, lest they distract the engineers in their delicate task. All at once, the ropes stuck and would not be budged. The heavy shaft threatened to come crashing down.

Then the tense silence was broken by a shout. "Wet the ropes," cried a sailor in the crowd. When the ropes were wet they tightened up enough for the workmen to settle the shaft into its place. The sailor went before the Pope, expecting some punishment for breaking the rule of silence. Instead, he was offered whatever reward he might ask.

So he asked that his native town, Bordighera, might henceforth have the exclusive privilege of supplying to St. Peter's the palms for Palm Sunday.

News Across the Continent

AN EXHIBIT of all material received by schools in the Chapter was on display at the semi-annual meeting of the city and county J. R. C. Council of Chattanooga, Tennessee. A guest at the meeting was a young Polish boy, adopted by his aunt and brought to America a few months ago. The visitor had come with his two cousins. He was delighted when he saw the thank-you album which had been prepared by Juniors of his mother country, and translated many interesting details from it for the Council.

The visitor was welcomed into the J. R. C. by members of the Council, and Glenwood School, where he is now a student, asked to be given the opportunity of answering the album, since the Polish Juniors had indicated that they would like to start correspondence with an American school.

FIFTH-GRADE members of the Fraunfelter School in Akron, Ohio (see page 21), wrote a play about the people and customs of Mexico. Scenery and costumes were made and everyone in the class had some part in the project.

The play described the visit of an American family to friends in Mexico City—their excursions to interesting sections of the city and famous places near-by, including the Floating Gardens of Xochimilco. In closing, Senor Ortey, the host, suggests to the Smiths: "Perhaps when you visit us again you might come by automobile over the new Pan American Highway."

THE EASTER holidays call for a variety of services to groups in which Juniors are interested. Here are a few reported to us:

Wheatland, Wyo.: Four dozen potted cactus plants, ready to bloom, were sent to men in the government hospital at Ft. Francis E. Warren.

Baltimore, Md.: Fifth-graders made small favors for children in hospitals—purple boxes decorated with white rabbits. Inside were jelly eggs in "nests."



Kindergarten members of the David E. Ellis School in Boston making gifts for local hospitals

New Orleans, La.: An Easter-egg hunt was given by Newman School for 100 girls from St. Elizabeth's Home. Group games were planned according to age, and refreshments served. Allen School collected eggs, and at Rabouin School the eggs were blown out, decorated and mounted on cardboard. Then they were sent to patients at the Marine Hospital.

Cambridge Springs, Pa.: 150 Easter favors were sent to the County Home. To raise money needed for the gifts, J. R. C. members made cookies; the Council President selected a committee of three to divide the town into sections and each section was canvassed for orders. Thirty-three dollars was realized from the sale of 3,500 cookies, and 5,000 could have been sold, it was reported.

Highland, Calif.: Candy-filled Easter baskets, place cards, booklets, old-fashioned nose-gays, and other gifts were taken to the Monte Vista Old Ladies' Home. The Juniors decorated tables in the dining room, and distributed gifts to the wards.

Tupelo, Miss.: Although their school was destroyed in a tornado, members of the elementary school kept right on with their J. R. C. program. They planned a party in their temporary quarters, a local church, for the day nursery. Favors and toys of all kinds (even little Easter hat boxes in bright colors

with newly hatched chicks on the inside) were provided for the guests. One tiny tot said, "I'm just so happy I don't know what to think."

IF YOU HAVE been readers of the NEWS for the last two years, you may remember the story in the May, 1937, issue about the summer camp started back in 1935 by the Junior Red Cross of the San Joaquin Valley Chapter in California. There were only nineteen campers the first year, but the number has increased until now, with two camps held several weeks apart, there is a registration of nearly 400. A two-weeks' stay at the camp costs but \$15 because the equipment of the municipal Stockton Vacation Camp at Silver Lake is used. The expenses of some of the campers are paid by the Junior Red Cross, some by a grant from the Stockton Community Chest, some through contributions from interested persons, and others pay their own way.

A busy program is planned for the whole stay at camp. There are hikes, canoe and horseback rides, classes in weaving, printing, swimming, first aid, nature study, boxing and dancing. And then there are special plans for steak roasts, amateur night entertainments, community sings, plays.

The campers look forward to the daily news sheet, edited, mimeographed and circulated by the campers and their counselors. In it are announcements of coming events, personal

notes, and general camp news. Here are a few typical bits:

"Tomorrow night is Book Night. Remember—every group will give us a dramatization of some book, story, or well-known character."

"Another bridge will be started and perhaps finished this afternoon. Cy is taking a group of boys out to build one for us and the Municipal Camp. Soon we will have no need for crossing creeks on logs and falling in."

"Four pounds is the average gain per camper since camp began. The average gain for the past three days is 1.7 pounds. Three campers have gained over five pounds since Saturday."

"Block printing classes are busy printing red crosses on laundry bags and bandanas. If yours have not been printed, take them to the class and they will be done for you."

This J. R. C. Pioneer Camp will begin its fifth season in 1939. Movies of the camp were taken back in 1937 and through these interest in the idea has spread.

EARLY ONE winter morning when the thermometer registered 40 below zero, forty-five children in the Wakpala, South Dakota, Presbyterian Mission School were awakened by a fire alarm. The blaze had made great headway and though no lives were lost, everything that the children had was destroyed—their clothes, their books and, in many cases, their eye-glasses. An old school bus took the children, dressed only in their nightclothes, to temporary shelter. Most of the children were Indians.

Nine hundred dollars was appropriated from the National Children's Fund to meet the emergency need, and to supplement funds already supplied by the senior Red Cross.

J. R. C. CLASSROOM representatives are elected at the Nathan Hale School in Carteret, N. J., and at the installation ceremony each is given a white armband with a red cross for identification. To earn money for their Service Fund these members have school dances and sales of candy, paper, and foil.

At San Joaquin Camp (see note on this page)



Pan American Assembly

EDITH NELSON

Grade 8-A, Pullman School, Chicago, Illinois

OUR Pan American Assembly was held on April 14, 1938, Pan American Day. We had only one week to dig up material for it. There were four schoolroom scenes which were held in different countries of the Pan American Union.

The first scene was a social studies class. It was sort of an introduction to the other three. It was held in "Chicago." I was the teacher and opened the class by asking what day it was. Many questions were asked about different Pan American countries. Answers were given by members of the class. These questions were, I think, in the minds of many people in the audience. I had each one in the class mention a product for which South American countries are noted commercially. I brought the class to a close by asking a member whether she had learned anything about the Pan American Union. She said she had and she knew the others had.

The second scene was a science class in "Panama." The teacher was Dan Kazantz, who was called Señor by the class, and of course the children had such names as Rosita, Manueto, Pedro, Rino, Miguel, Juanita and Rosa. One of the most important and interesting reports was on the yellow fever, the disease which spread in Panama during the building of the Canal. The cause was the Stegomyia, or "yellow-jack" mosquito. The teacher closed the class by asking if they were proud to live in Panama. One boy said yes, because they have the reputation of being one of the healthiest cities of the world.

The third scene was an English and spelling class which was held in "Denver, Colorado." The pupils read compositions—"A Day in Arequipa," "Coffee from Sao Paulo," "Bananas from Costa Rica," and "Visiting a School in the Pampas." After these reports were given, the teacher had a boy and girl go



Akron, Ohio, members working on a Mexican project. See page 19

to the blackboard and write words that have come into our language from the Spanish. Each member of the class gave one word. Some of the words were adobe, mesa, tortilla, sombrero, llama, fiesta, patio, plaza, siesta, machete, hacienda, gaucho, and mantilla.

The fourth and last scene of our play was a music class which was held in "Buenos Aires." We had a visitor from New York. In this class of music appreciation we had songs from countries which belong to the Pan American Union. That over, the teacher, who was called Señorita Castellano, asked us if we wanted to see Rosita dance to "La Paloma." We were much excited to see her dance. After she finished, we sang "Celita Lindo," "Andalusia," "Juanita," and last, "O Sole Mio," because of the many Italian immigrants in South America. When we finished singing, our visitor from New York told Señorita that it was a lovely program but there was one thing she wanted to know: "Why do all the girls in South America wear white aprons to school?" A member of the class answered, "Because we don't want to get dust on our dresses." The visitor thought it was a clean custom. She wished that next April 14th we could be in New York visiting her school.

News from Both Hemispheres

SOON after news of the Chilean earthquake reached National Headquarters, a thousand dollars was drawn from the National Children's Fund and sent to the Chilean Junior Red Cross for assistance to children affected by the disaster.

The senior Red Cross, acting as it always does for the American people, sent some \$25,000 in medical supplies, powdered milk, and money.

The first supplies of vaccines, serums and milk were despatched by Army and Pan American Airway planes. Major Caleb V. Hayes of the U. S. Army Air Corps has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, the highest honor of the air service. It was Major Hayes who commanded the bomber XB-15 when it flew from Langley Field, Virginia, to Santiago, carrying 3,250 pounds of Red Cross medical supplies "under conditions which were extremely hazardous and exacting." Later shipments, including five hundred U. S. Army tents—hospital, shelter, and other types—were loaded in the Canal Zone for the Red Cross at the direction of Chief of Staff Malin Craig, and sent on the Grace Liners *Santa Lucia* and *Santa Maria*.

Mr. George E. Smith, American Red Cross representative who was sent from Panama to Chile, reported tragic conditions among the injured, and asked for twenty-five different items of medical supplies in quantities sufficient to care for 18,000 wounded persons. These supplies included various vaccines, dressings, bandages, ether, surgical instruments for bone surgery, stretch instruments for bone fracture, splints, and X-ray plates



Chattanooga, Tennessee, Juniors with an album from Poland (see page 19)

among other things.

Red Cross Chapters were asked to accept contributions and as fast as the money was received at National Headquarters further medical supplies, so urgently needed, were purchased.

EMERSON SCHOOL, Salt Lake City, has just received an album of mounted flowers and plants from the Secondary Girls' School at Kormend, Hungary. The Hungarian Juniors wrote:

"We greet you and would like to show our love by sending something very beautiful. But as we can not do it, we are sending you this al-

bum. Please receive it kindly.

"We want to show views of Hungary by post-cards and drawings, and to raise your interest and love for our country by the beautiful vegetation growing here.

"Plants and life are different in your country, therefore we think that you will enjoy this small portfolio. We want to make you acquainted with our garden plants, with the meadow, with the moorland, and with the forest plants.

"The plants are pressed and lifeless, yet they will present to you the many flowers and plants of the Hungarian soil. Some of these plants are very useful for us Juniors, as there grow plenty of medicinal herbs in the Hungarian fields. We gather and dry them and put them in hampers for the poor at Christmas. But this is not our only activity. We strive to enrich also by other works our group and our country.

"We make baskets, slippers and many other things of bast; at Christmas we collect for the

poor, and sew baby trousseaux for the Association for Baby Protection. Every day we sell rolls, and the income serves to provide milk-luncheons for the poorer pupils.

"Our teeth are treated with the help of the Red Cross, and we correspond also with different countries, sending portfolios to our foreign comrades."

ROTINE is situated in the Vardar region of Yugoslavia, at the foot of Mount Perister. It is a very poor village of about seventy families, and suffered greatly during the World War.

After the Armistice, the inhabitants did their best to rebuild it, and succeeded in restoring the church and the school. In 1928 a Junior group was formed and became very active. They organized a theatrical company, formed a Sokol group, and planted 100,000 young trees. The village now has twenty orchards and vineyards. The Juniors, helped by the Sokols, have paved the village streets and whitewashed all the houses, which they supplied with beds. All this was accomplished without running water.

The ambition of the Juniors was to provide drinking water for the villagers. They applied to the Red Cross and other agencies and collected a fund of 5,000 dinars. The Juniors and their parents gave the materials and worked voluntarily to build the fountain which bears the following inscription: "Junior Red Cross Fountain, erected with the aid of the Sokol organization."

The American Junior Red Cross had a share, too, through a contribution from the National Children's Fund.

The fountain was inaugurated in 1936, with a great crowd of villagers present. The fountain has two taps, one for the peasants, the other for the school children. The latter water the grounds of the school which contain an orchard, a pretty park, and a nursery garden, which provides the young trees for the peasants' plantations.

A FEW YEARS AGO, members of Verviers, Belgium, adopted some lonely old people, under treatment at a hospital in the town. Thursday is visiting day. The evening before,

Czechoslovakian Juniors in an Easter play

the Juniors make up packets of sweets, fruit, tobacco and sometimes a generous mother adds a pot of jam or some other delicacy. On Thursday, the Juniors whose turn it is to visit, meet in Ward No. 2, where they are welcomed by Sister Julienne. Then each one hastens towards the bed or the armchair of her protégé and the distribution of gifts begins. On the occasion of special church festivals, the Juniors make extra gifts for their old friends.

SINCE 1937, the school children of Yugoslavia have been planting trees to make the country more beautiful when their young King Peter comes to the throne in 1942.

"Our country is beautiful," they say, "but it would be more beautiful if all the mountains were crowned with forests and all the barren places had trees."

According to *The Children's Newspaper* of London, the scheme began in a small way by calling on every school to plant fruit trees, which will be a useful source of nourishment for future generations of scholars and a weapon in the country's fight against alcoholism. "It is proved," they say, "that people who eat a great deal of fruit do not like alcohol."

HUNDREDS OF thousands of Spanish refugees poured into France toward the close of the civil war in Spain. There was a desperate need for funds to help shelter and feed these people. As its share, the American Red Cross cabled \$20,000 to the League of Red Cross Societies in Paris for forwarding to the French Red Cross.





On Manila Bay

Mildred G. Gordon

ONE day the children went down to the beach to see if they could find some pretty seashells. There were Pablo, Bruce and Bobby, and Pablo's older sister Felisa went with them. Their house was not far from the shore of Manila Bay, and it took them only a minute to walk there.

The children could see many boats out on the water. Some of them were steamers and some were sailboats, and near them were some small fishing boats. It was a beautiful day, and the water was very still so that it shone like a glassy mirror.

There were many people on the beach. They were all very busy pushing little sticks into the sand wherever they could see a hole. In the holes they would find little crabs and dig them out and put them in a pan. Pablo and Bobby watched them do this for a long time because it was fun to see the little crabs try to run away. One little crab ran right over Bobby's foot, and it scared him but did not hurt him at all. Pablo did not call them crabs because he could not speak English, and Bobby could not say the big name that Pablo called them.

Bruce played in the sand by himself, but very soon he found a dead jelly-fish. It was lying on the sand and looked like dirty white jello. Bruce pushed a little stick at it and said, "Bobby, here is some white rubber."

Pablo and Bobby ran to Bruce, and Bobby said, "Oh, that's just a dead jelly-fish."

"Will it hurt?" said Bruce.

"No," said Bobby.

"Oh, oh," said Pablo. That was Pablo's way of saying "yes." He could understand Bruce, but he was ashamed to talk English. Bobby meant that the jellyfish could not hurt Bruce because it was dead. Pablo meant that it might hurt Bruce if it were swimming in the water. Jellyfish do not bite like an animal, but they sting like a bee.

Just then an older boy came riding along the beach on a horse. Filipino horses are not large like American horses but are almost as small as ponies. Quickly the boy turned his horse right into the ocean. It splashed the water and then stopped when the water got deeper. Then the boy came back to look at Bobby and Bruce, and after a while he asked if they would like to go into the water on the horse with him.

Bruce was too young and wanted to play in the sand anyway, but Bobby was

helped up onto the horse behind the older boy. At first he was afraid, but then he learned it was fun to make the horse run in the shallow water. They went out deep until they were sitting in water on the horse's back, and then came back. Bobby slipped off the horse's back. "Sal-a-mat," he said to thank the boy for the ride. It was lots of fun.

Very soon Bruce found a big white seashell, and he started to dig in the sand near the water. As soon as he dug a hole, a little wave would come along and splash into the hole and fill it full of water. That made Bruce mad, and he said to the water, "Stop it."

"We must build a dam," said Bobby. So the children all found big shells or sticks and made a long pile of sand to keep the waves out of their big hole. When they had the hole deep enough, they found dirty water in it, and Bobby thought they had dug all the way down to the ocean. Just then Bruce slipped and sat down deep in the hole! Everybody laughed at Bruce, and even Bruce laughed, too.



The children were so busy playing that they did not see one of the little fishing boats come right up close to the beach and stop. There were four Filipino men in it, and they jumped out when their boat came right up onto the beach.

When the children saw the fishermen, they stopped playing and watched the men take a long net out of the boat. The net was made of many strings crossing each other so that the fish could not get through. Along the top of the net were many pieces of wood, so that the top part would float and the rest would hang down in the water.

The boat was made of wood from a tree that had been cut down the middle, and then the insides were dug out so that there was a place to sit. On one side of the boat was a big bamboo pole as long as the boat. It was called an "outrigger." It was held to the boat by a stick across the boat in front, and another in the back. Filipinos call this kind of boat a banca, and the children had ridden in this kind of boat many times.

One man stayed on the beach and held one end of the net. The other men paddled the banca out into the water and let the net out slowly behind them. They sat in the bottom of the boat. There was some water in the bottom of the boat and they all got their pants wet, but they did not care because the sun was so warm.

Soon the men turned the banca and slowly started back

The children all ran and got into the boat

to the beach. The net dragged behind them, and the men hoped that many fish would be caught inside of it.

When the banca got back to the beach where the first man was still holding one end of the net, everybody jumped out, and the men began to pull the net to the beach. Pablo and Bobby and Bruce looked closely into the water, but they could not see any fish until the net was almost all pulled in. Then two of the men kept the bottom of the net close to the sand under the water by holding it down with their feet.

Finally they scooped the net out of the water onto the beach, and the children could see many little silver-white fish flopping around under the strings of the net.

When the men opened up the net, inside it the children also found a starfish, four crabs, three jellyfish and an old tin can. The fishermen dumped the little fish into pans and they had two pans full of them.

"Would you like to go for a ride?" asked one of the men.

"Yes, sir," said Bobby, and the children all ran to get into the banca. The men paddled the boat out into the bay, and the children enjoyed the ride on the water. After a while the boat started back to the land. Before it got to the beach, the children all moved to one end,

making it too heavy. Water came in, and Bruce screamed as the banca sank to the bottom. Then he found that the water wasn't deep at all, and he stopped crying as one of the older Filipino boys carried him back to the shore.

It was getting very late, and Felisa called the children to take them home. While they had been playing, Felisa had caught a pan full of crabs. She gave one to Pablo, and it tried to pinch his fingers with its two front feet. It could not hurt Pablo because it was so little.

The children started back home and on the way they saw the big pile of sand they had made to keep the water out of their hole. The tide had come in; the water was deeper now, and it almost covered up their pile of sand. "Tubig (too-big) very deep," said Pablo. "Tubig" means water in Tagalog, and Pablo wanted to tell Bobby and Bruce that the ocean would get deeper there soon and cover up all their pile of sand.

"Sigue (see-gay) kids," said Felisa, "go home now."

Bobby and Bruce and Pablo ran all the way to their homes because they had played very hard all afternoon. As Pablo ran off by himself to his own house, he called to Bobby and Bruce, "Buenas noches" (bwenas-no-chase). That is Spanish and it means "good night."

Wishes and Dishes

ISABELLE THOMASSEN

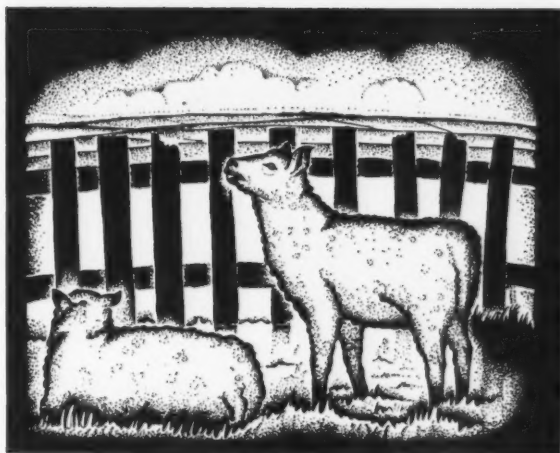
Central School, National City, Calif.

Some children hate, I'm often told,
To stay inside when they have a cold.
Others hate to go to school,
And never want to mind the rule.

Now things like that don't bother me,
But there's one change I'd like to see—
If someone gave me my own wish,
'Twould be never to have to wash a dish.

Baby

Patsy,
Aged 11



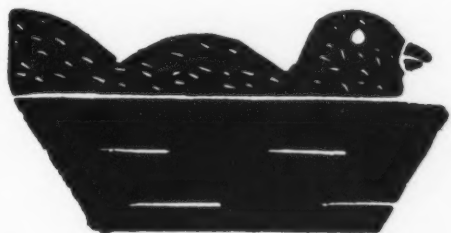
Things

Picture from Belgian
Junior Red Cross

When spring comes, baby things come,
too.
Some soft and fuzzy, some bumpy and
slimy;
Little sheep with soft white wool,
Little toads with bumpy skins,
Little snakes just learning to wriggle,
Little birds just learning to fly,

Little pigs that love to squeal,
Little dogs that love to bark,
Little calves that stay by their mothers,
Little colts with wobbly legs;
All these baby things and many others
Come with the lovely spring.

—From *"Finding Wisdom,"* by Gertrude
Hartman, The John Day Company.



Setting a Hen

One day we set a hen. We made her
nest in a box. We put in hay to make
it soft. We put twelve good fresh eggs
in the nest. Then we set a big brown
hen on the eggs. She could cover all the
eggs. She kept them warm. We counted
them every day.

—From *"School Days in San Juan,"* a book
by Indian children, edited by Rose K. Brandt,
Office of Indian Affairs; Haskell.

The hen sat on the eggs a long time.
She sat on them three weeks. At last we
heard something in the nest.

"Peep! Peep! Peep!"

Some new chicks came out of the eggs.
We counted six little chicks. They were
very soft and yellow.





Every spring in Switzerland the cattle are driven to the high mountain pastures called alps, to spend the summer there

Mountain Pastures



PHOTO W. PLEYER



Above, herd boys carrying supplies. Left, a family with their long wooden Alpine horn, the ancient instrument of the Swiss herdsmen

